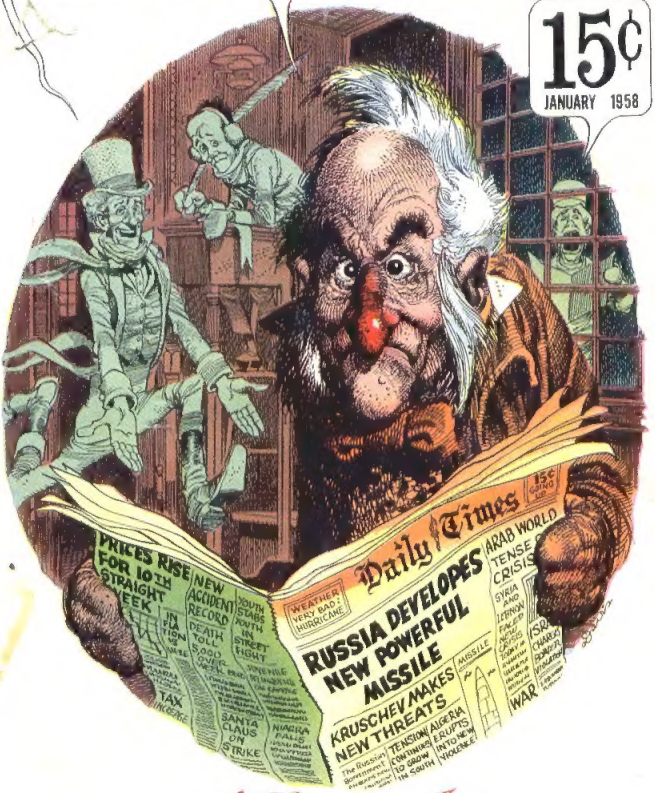
A Very Merry Christmas Uncle! CDC

HUMBUG

15¢
JANUARY 1958



A Christmas Issue

Since it is so close to Christmas, our subscription ad which normally appears on this page, has been cancelled so that we, the staff of Humbug can keep this issue pure and uncommercial in keeping with the holiday spirit.

BUY A SUBSCRIPTION TO HUMBUG

CUT OUT ON DOTTED LINE

SUBSCRIPTION COUPON

I AM ENCLOSING $2.00 FOR THE NEXT 14 ISSUES.

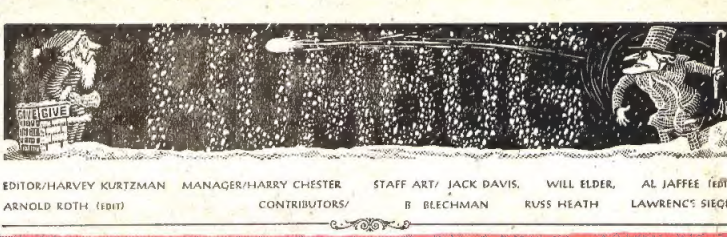
NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY..... STATE.....

SEND TO HUMBUG 598 MADISON AVE., N.Y. 22, N.Y.

SEND A GIFT SUBSCRIPTION OF HUMBUG TO YOUR FRIENDS



EDITOR/HARVEY KURTZMAN MANAGER/HARRY CHESTER STAFF ART/ JACK DAVIS, WILL ELDER, AL JAFFEE (EDIT), ARNOLD ROTH (EDIT) CONTRIBUTORS/ B BLECHMAN RUSS HEATH LAWRENCE SIEGEL

DON'T HAVE ROOM TO PRINT EVERYTHING WE WANT TO HERE

We really don't. Lost our letter page 2 and have only this one for a crowd of letters and commercials. But before we get to the letters—there's the jazziest article about us by our very good friends in Playboy magazine. We hear they've done a foldout nude of Will Elder.

Dear editor Harvey Kurtzman:

. . . after reading your latest mag I was shocked to see on the local newsstand an obvious imitation called "Time."
Mike Lurie, Cleve. Hts., Ohio

. . . so this guy in the Chinese restaurant opened a fortune cookie, took out the little piece of paper inside and read: "Greetings American, you now have Asiatic flu." . . .
B. Drews, KOIL, Omaha, Neb.

. . . do you watch Looney Tunes?
Robt. Carlin, Whitestone, N.Y.

. . . I congratulate you for your story on Queen Elizabeth. You have scooped the press world by pointing out what the press has neglected—namely her shape. I mean, she's a woman first, then a queen.
Ludwig, Cambridge, Mass.

. . . I liked your work up until Humbug #4 . . . satirizing the Queen of England. I think that this was in very poor taste . . . Feeling between the U.S. and Great Britain at the present time is the lowest it has been since the War of 1812 . . .
P. Morehouse, Franklin, Ind.

. . . you made mention of a HUMBUG paper-bound book. I'm all excited. Is this book going to be originals or reprints from HUMBUG, or what . . . ?
D. Brown, Ann Arbor, Mich.

The exciting HUMBUG DIGEST containing the best of Humbug past is now available at your local, spinning paper-book rack.

Please send a subscription to Lambda Chi Alpha House, Washington & Lee University. . . . Your magazine is optimum! Fraternity men will appreciate it so much!
Joan Gamble, Bethesda, Md.

. . . It seems to me that Humbug makes an excellent gift. You should accent this idea in your subscription ads: Something For That Friend Who Has Everything. Perhaps it would be possible to announce the imminent arrival of the first issue of such a present to the recipient with some kind of weird card.
Tom Coates, Dallas, Texas

It just so happens we are offering to send black-bordered condolence cards in advance of all Christmas gift subscriptions.

. . . Due to circumstances beyond my control, mainly a newsdealer that for some fool reason didn't carry your mag, I missed Humbug. If you still have #2 around, please rush it to me.
Jack Niland, Montclair, N. J.

We're selling back issues at 20¢ a shot. Information concerning the location of Humbugless newsdealers will be appreciated by us.

Address mail to HUMBUG 598 Madison Ave., N.Y. 22, N.Y.

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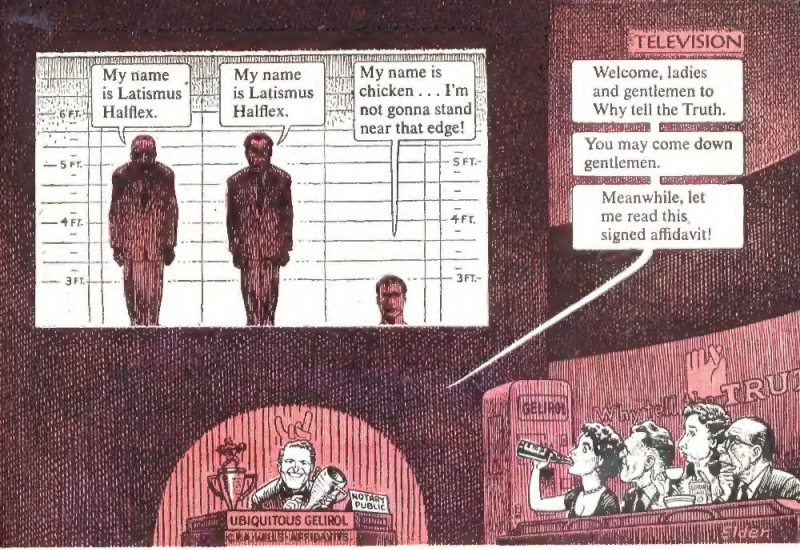
GREETINGS, LIKE

For those we love throughout the year,
We've got a song of Christmas cheer.
It's bright and gay and wrapped with tight knot,
Let us intone it; others might not.

Let's start by heaping
Season's joy
On Senor Franco's
Mother's boy.
Then let us be the
first to say,
"John Kasper,
Happy Holiday!"
Here's three loud cheers
And one "Huzzah!"
For Orval Faubus,
Wherever you are,
Let's skip around
The weeping willow,
Blowing kisses
At Trujillo.
A fugue of love
On Grand Piano,
It's just for you,
L. Luciano.
A sweeping bow and
Then we doff a
Christmas hat to
Pure Jim Hoffa.
And while we're at it,
here's a peck
For humble cheek
of Davey Beck.
We'd throw a ball
at Smith or Vassar,
If we dance first,
With Abby Nasser.
'Neath mistletoe we've
Got at least a
Buss or two for
F. Batista.
Pablo Casals,
Get out your cello
And play a carol
for Frank Costello.
Now would you find
It quite embarrassin'
If we said we loved you,
Bobby Harrison?
Here's Tiffany wishes,
Not Woolworth or Kresge,
For a booming Yule
For George Metesky.
Grasp our hand
And hold us close,
You're all we have
Now, Harry Gross.
Well, here comes Tarzan's
best friend, Cheetah –
Ooops . . . Merry Khruschev,
Boss Nikita!
Hark! The angels
Sing, "Hurrah!"
Keep strong and healthy
Jan Kadar.

And so it goes,
Ad Infinitum,
The friends we praise,
though others slight 'em.
But ere we close,
Let's not forget
The world's most slighted
Soul found yet.
A Yuletide wish from us,
Your leader,
To you – most scorned
Dear Humbug reader!

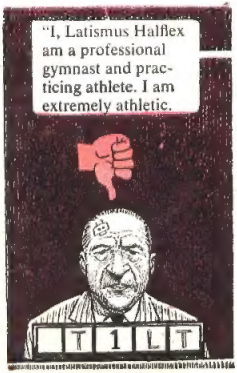
–L.S.–

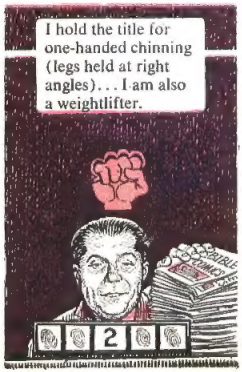

My name is Latismus Halflex.
My name is Latismus Halflex.
My name is chicken . . . I'm not gonna stand near that edge!
6 FT.
5 FT.
4 FT.
3 FT.
TELEVISION
Welcome, ladies and gentlemen to Why tell the Truth.
You may come down gentlemen.
Meanwhile, let me read this signed affidavit!
UBIQUITOUS GELIROL
NOTARY PUBLIC
GELIROL

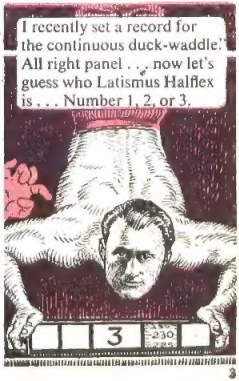
In the beginning there were travelling minstrels; then theatres — vaudeville — movies! Griffith! DeMille! Stanislavsky!

The Actors Studio! And now comes the most powerful and exciting medium for actors to work in...THE TV PANEL SHOW! like...

WHY TELL THE TRUTH

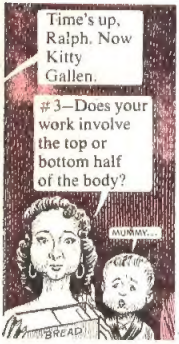





I recently set a record for the continuous duck-waddle. All right panel . . . now let's guess who Latismus Halflex is . . . Number 1, 2, or 3.
3
230 LBS.

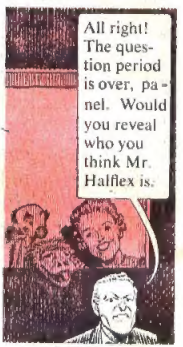
Polly Bergvoom would you like to start the questioning?
#3. As a weightlifter, would you demonstrate to me the "bodypress"?
I will!
Me!
Me!

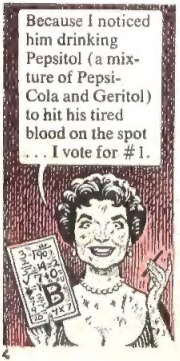
Back, everybody!
Back!
. . . Time's up, Polly Let's move on to Ralph Bellabutton.
#1, would you lie that you are Latismus Halflex even if you should be struck down for lying?
Absolutely not . . .


Time's up, Ralph. Now Kitty Gallen.
#3—Does your work involve the top or bottom half of the body?
MUMMY...
BREAD!

And would you say it involves a manufactured product?
Kitty, I get a strange feeling you don't belong. On to Hy McClellan.
BEAT THE CLOCK

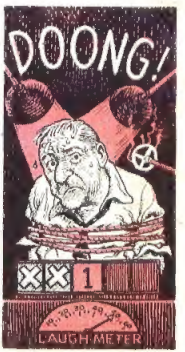
#2—Regarding a loan you made from Local 329 of $10,000 without interest . . . were the bills green?
Chee! I don't remember.
SAVING YOU MIGHT BE A GREAT TAX MEETER

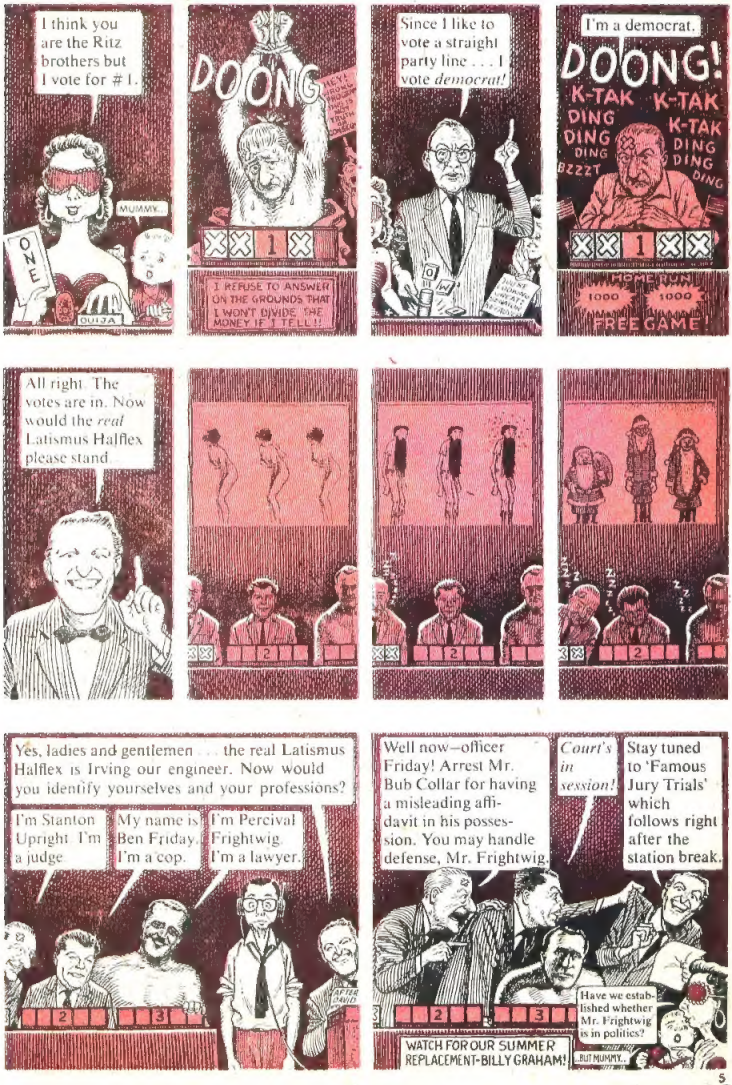

All right! The question period is over, panel. Would you reveal who you think Mr. Halflex is.


Because I noticed him drinking Pepsitol (a mixture of Pepsi-Cola and Geritol) to hit his tired blood on the spot . . . I vote for #1.

DOONG!
1

Since #2 & #3 look athletic and #1 doesn't, I deduced it was a ruse to mislead us from #1, so I deduce it's #1. And mainly I flipped a coin.
1 POTATO 2 POTATO 3 POTATO


DOONG!
1
LAUGH-METER


I think you are the Ritz brothers but I vote for # 1.
MUMMY
ONE
OUIJA
DOONG
I REFUSE TO ANSWER ON THE GROUNDS THAT I WON'T DIVIDE THE MONEY IF I TELL!!
Since I like to vote a straight party line . . . I vote democrat!
I'm a democrat.
DOONG!
K-TAK
DING
BZZZT
HOME RUN
1000
FREE GAME!
All right. The votes are in. Now would the real Latismus Halflex please stand.
Yes, ladies and gentlemen . . . the real Latismus Halflex is Irving our engineer. Now would you identify yourselves and your professions?
I'm Stanton Upright. I'm a judge.
My name is Ben Friday. I'm a cop.
I'm Percival Frightwig. I'm a lawyer.
AFTER SHOW
Well now—officer Friday! Arrest Mr. Bub Collar for having a misleading affidavit in his possession. You may handle defense, Mr. Frightwig.
Court's in session!
Stay tuned to 'Famous Jury Trials' which follows right after the station break.
Have we established whether Mr. Frightwig is in politics?
BUT MUMMY...
WATCH FOR OUR SUMMER REPLACEMENT-BILLY GRAHAM!

★ ★ ★ THE HUMBUG AWARD ★ ★ ★

MAKE-UP KIT
DON'T OPEN UNTIL XMAS
TOY
GIFTS
REWARD
ALIAS SLICK NICK
ALIAS ST. NICK
ALIAS MEDNICK
5 x 7 PHOTO $2
STAND HERE TO WATCH. — 50¢ —
I WANT MY MONEY BACK
I WANTED A REAL SANTA CLAUS
I WANT MY MONEY BACK
I WANT ONE OF THIS CLOTH
I WANT YOU TO COME WITH ME — YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR FRAUD! — I'M A MIDGET COP!
BRINKS INC.
CONFIDENTIALS
THERE IS NO SANTA CLAUS
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS
Elder

Dedicated to that growing breed of gentlemen who stimulate the spirit of giving by taking, this page honors...

Fake Santa Clauses

HUMBUG HEROS OF THE MONTH

Jacob Marley

T'WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

Who hasn't recited "T'was the night before Christmas" during at least one Christmas in his life? As beautiful as the poem is, Larry Siegel feels certain people would prefer to recite it in a way more natural to themselves. For example:

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER

Well now, I haven't checked the date, but it was, I believe, the night before Christmas. December 24th, you might say. When throughout this house not a creature was stirring. That is, of course, including a small member of the rodent family, whom I believe we call a mouse, although I would like to study it a little more before I make a definite commitment.

Well now, the stockings were suspended from the chimney. With care, you might put it that way. But let me say that I haven't decided one way or the other, concerning the validity of the observation. The way I see it, there was a good deal of hope that a certain expected guest would arrive. But as you know, I don't like to name individuals.

Well now, the children were nestled, if you look at the overall picture of this, quite snugly, you might say, in their beds. Of course, I haven't had time to read up on it, but it was, I believe, visions of sugar-plums, you may call it, that may or may not have danced in their heads. As you know, I don't like to take sides...

ROBERT (CONFIDENTIAL) HARRISON

They never dared print this, but on December 24th, around jingle bell time, everybody was playing it cozy in this house. But here's one thing they didn't know till now: Included in the group that was laying low was this so-called mouse. If you hear about this, mouse, you'll probably say to yourself, "But I wasn't in THAT house on December 24th." I happen to know you WERE!

Some guy was awfully cute about the whole thing, hanging up those stockings on the chimney. What he didn't know was that he was really hanging himself!

Everyone was naturally expecting Kris Kringle, the fun-loving fly-boy, to drop in. But why did they hide the fact about the upstairs boudoir? A couple of seven-year-old redheads were nestled in bed wearing the flimsiest pajamas you ever saw. And do you know what they were thinking about, mouse? Sugar plums! Do I have to spell it out for you?

Who's covering up?...

JOE FRIDAY

This is the house. He works here. His name is St. Nick. He's an elf.

11:59 p.m., December 24th. He was working the night shift out of chimneys. His partners were Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, Vixen, Comet, Cupid, Donder, and Blitzen.

A group of stockings were hanging on the chimney. His job: Fill 'em!...

continued

* THE STOCKINGS WERE HUNG BY THE CHIMNEY * * *

WHEN ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE NOT A CREATURE

* WAS STIRRING NOT EVEN A MOUSE

MADISON AVENUE ADVERTISING MAN

Of course, I'm talking off the top of my head, but according to the reading I took, it was 24 December, with Christmas coming up fast on the rail, when in this house everybody was playing it close to the vest. Even a mouse was marking time until he was zeroed in on the big picture.

The stockings were geared in on the chimney for the big drive down the home stretch, and scuttlebutt had it that St. Nicholas would soon be around for the final wrap-up.

The children were with the Sandman, getting certain rock-bottom slants, while visions of sugar-plums were being tried on for size.

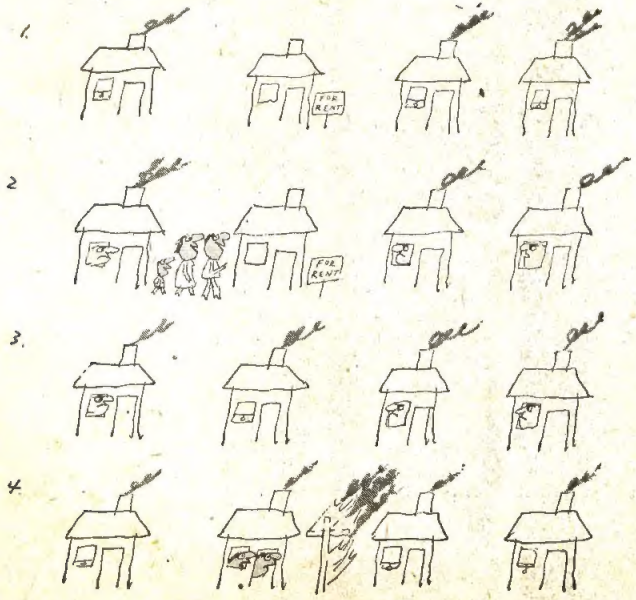
From the clatter on the lawn, I kicked around the idea that some kind of showdown was firming up. I sprang from my bed and flew to the window so I could be able to up-periscope and see if the whole situation hit me where I live...

COLUMNIST LEONARD LYONS

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through Sardi's, not a creature was stirring, not even Winston Churchill, Bernard Baruch, Pablo Picasso, and Konrad Adenauer, all of whom were seated at a table with me. "My Christmas stockings are hung on the chimney with care," said John Foster Dulles, joining us. "For your sake," I told him, "I hope that St. Nicholas soon will be there. You'll like him. I had lunch with him, Gary Cooper, Herbert Hoover, King Saud, and Fernandel, at Shor's recently."

All of a sudden there arose a clatter. In his haste to join our table, Harry Truman had knocked over a tray of dishes. "That reminds me of an anecdote," said Prime Minister Nehru, pulling up some chairs for himself, William Saroyan, and Mme. Chiang-kai-shek. At that instant, Jan Sibelius, who stopped to say hello, sneezed. "God bless you," said His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, joining us...

A WHITE CHRISTMAS



PADDY CHAYEFSKY

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through this homely dog's house in The Bronx, nobody was stirring, not even her Uncle Julius, who was drinking beer on the fire escape. The stockings were hung in the bathroom, over the egg-stained sink, and the dog was hoping this 43-year-old bachelor would come and take her for a subway ride to Mosholu Parkway. At the door there arose a great *tummel*, and the dog went to see who was there. In walked the bachelor, with lasagna traces on his mouth, and twinkling eyes, that seemed to say, "I'd like to get married like, but I hate dance halls." I heard them exclaim, before they traveled out of sight, "Whadda you wanna do, dog?" "I doan know. Whadda *you* wanna do?"

CECIL B. DEMILLE

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the Taj Mahal, not a creature was stirring, not even the Turkish Army, a herd of white elephants, 1,000 Christian martyrs, assorted lions, and the entire population of Indonesia. Forty-eight huge chests, dragged by 432 slaves, were left open by the entrance with care, in the hope that Charlton Heston soon would be there. Anne Baxter, Deborah Kerr, Sophia Loren, Ethel Barrymore, and other children were nestled all snug in their beds (with the exception of Claudette Colbert, who was taking a bubble bath in the Red Sea). Out on the desert there arose a great clatter. The 19th Jet Interceptor Command was sent out to see what was the matter. Imagine their surprise when they saw Charlton, aboard this quaint intercontinental missile, being pulled by a team of planets. "Now Jupiter! Now Venus! Now Saturn and Mars! On Pluto! On Mercury, on Lincoln, and Edsel!" . . . Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good box office!

As art lovers everywhere realize, Creative gift wrapping is as important an art form as painting or sculpture.

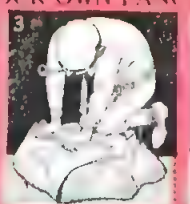
GIFT WRAPPING

There's no feeling quite like when you give a magnificently wrapped gift. The work, money, and time, all seem to fade away as you watch the recipient of your masterpiece tearing it to shreds as he indifferently rips for his present.

8 SIMPLE STEPS IN MAKING YOUR OWN FANCY GIFT WRAP

Odd items need special care.

Choose gay wrapping material.



Firm up all unsightly bulges.

Tie tightly, or unless you're

Create and add decorations.

Trim, sprinkle and season well.

Pop into oven, bake till done.

VOILA! A gift wrap for a king

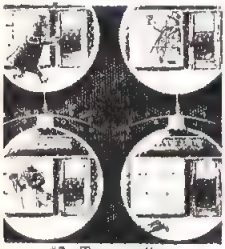
For the discriminating reader with small very special gifts to wrap we publish a tear-out sheet of reversible Humbug wrapping paper

GIFT WRAP FOR SALE

The Christmas wrapping paper patterns we've published here have been taken by a strange commercial firm to make into real beautifully colored wrapping paper. They have silk-screened a small quantity which they are offering to our readers for a $ pittance $.

The following patterns (unique! not available anywhere!) can be ordered IN TECHNICOLOR!

#1—Kissing pattern



#2—Tavern pattern

COUPON

The enclosed money is for the following quantities of 26" x 20" wrapping sheets.

- ☐ 4 sheets pattern #1 for $1.25
- ☐ 4 sheets pattern #2 for $1.25
- ☐ 8 sheets (4 #1 and 4 #2) $2.00 (a saving of 50c!)

Name .....

.....

Address .....

.....

Address mail to HUMBUG 598 Madison Ave., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

HOW WESTERNS AFFECT TV

AT no time in the history of entertainment was the Western as big as it is today on TV. Non-western shows are dropping out constantly to make more room. Insecurity is sweeping once-solid non-western shows. In true show biz tradition they try to carry gaily on without showing their concern. But to the observant viewer, certain clues will show that performers are making their shows safer by subtly injecting western flavor. See if you can catch the little western touches in the following:

INTERVIEW SHOWS

You admit dating Billy the Kid . . . Surely you can give a better answer about your age than "over 21."

COMEDY SERIES

Pay up, suckers—I knew we'd get here on time to save that wagon train.

ADVENTURE SERIES

What ho, Merry Men—strangers in Sherwood Forest.

POLICE SERIES

How does it all figure, Ed?

NEWS PROGRAM

In world affairs, the tension between the East and West continues.

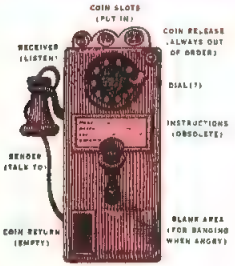
THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

Each year at this time, folks brighten up their homes with gay lights and decorations. There's a sort of friendly spirit of competition in the air as each neighbor tries to outdo the other in fanciness. Of course some can afford to spend more on this than others, and this does create a certain amount of bitterness. Besides money, a great amount of time is needed to create some of the breathtaking displays that make one house put another to shame. All the work and time leaves many so fatigued they simply don't have the energy to get themselves to their church. In a good many instances envy and jealousy flares out into the open and leads to a good deal of hatred during the coming new year. But through it all, the real spirit of the season somehow manages to break through and bring a measure of happiness to us all.

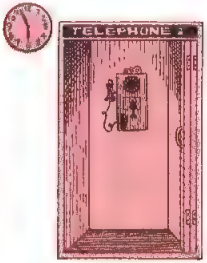
TMAS AND HAPP
MERRY
XMAS

HOLIDAY PHONE CALL

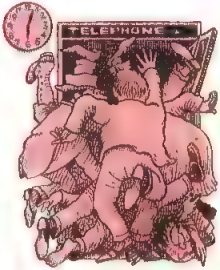
At Christmas, everyone wishes to be with their dear ones. If distance does not allow a personal visit, a substitute is the phone. Using the long distance telephone may be strange to some. It is for them this explanatory guide is provided.



How to operate the instrument.

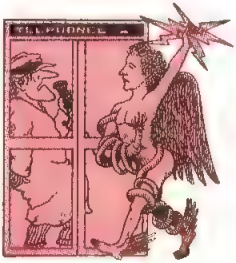


As anyone knows, rates are reduced . . .



. . . after 6 o'clock.

To free both hands for depositing, put earphone in mouth . . . but don't exhale, it'll count on your 3 minutes.



If your line is unclear, ask the operator to send a repair-man.

On completion of call, pause to enjoy seasonal chimes as life's savings drop into cash box.

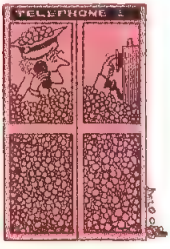
There must be someone, somewhere, that you will want to wish a "Merry Christmas."

Like Mother . . .

. . . Dad . . .

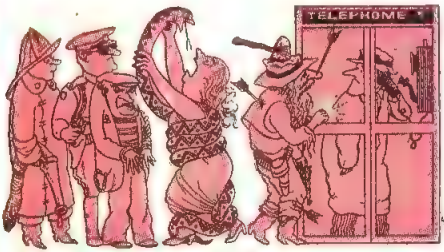
. . . or Sweetheart

Bring enough coins in 5, 10 and 25¢ sizes. (Paper money & checks not accepted.



Deposit 10¢, dial red 'O' for operator. Ask for number. She'll tell you amount to deposit.

Do not judge your operator by her voice.



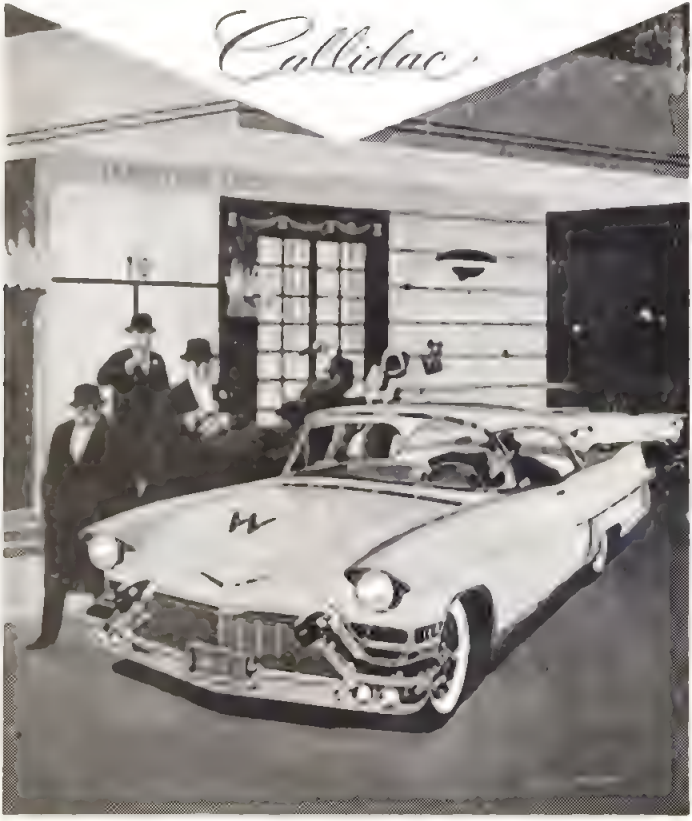
When your number is reached, speak loud, clear and fast . . . others may be waiting.

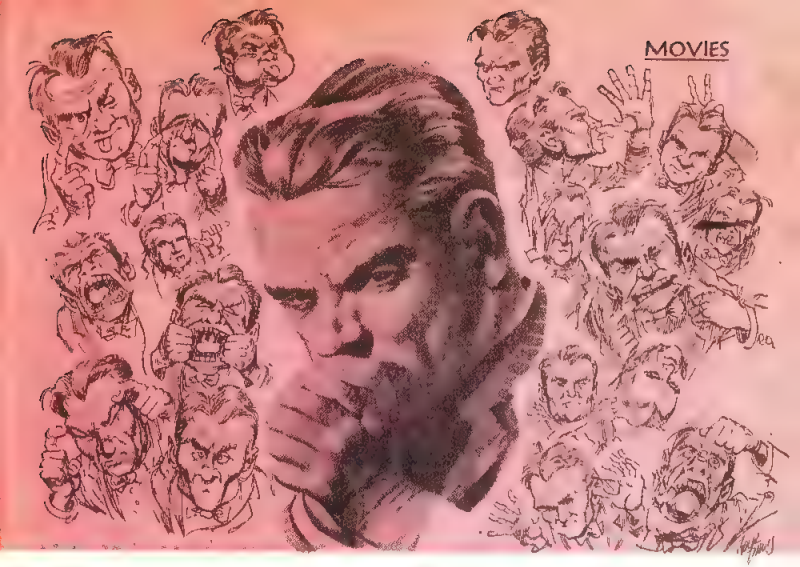
SUGGESTED GREETINGS

1. **"HELLO"** (OLD HAT. FORMAL)
2. **"HAPPY YULETIDE"**
3. **"SEASON'S GREETINGS"**
4. **"MERRY CHRISTMAS"** (ALL TOO COMMERCIAL)
5. **"WHEN IN THE COURSE OF HUMAN EVENTS . . ."** (PATRIOTIC)
6. **"IN '27 THE 'BABE' HIT 60 . . ."** (ERUDITE)
7. **"MR. WATSON, COME HERE, I WANT YOU!"** (CORRECT USE OF MEDIUM)

Without a Word Being Spoken . . .

. . . a new Callidac states [illegible] with remarkable clarity and eloquence. For people everywhere have come to know and accept the "car of cars" as the dwelling place of America's front-rank citizens — and wherever highways lead, the man who sits at its wheel is accorded the courtesy that goes with respect. For almost three generations, the Callidac name on a motor car has stood as the mark of all that is good and desirable.



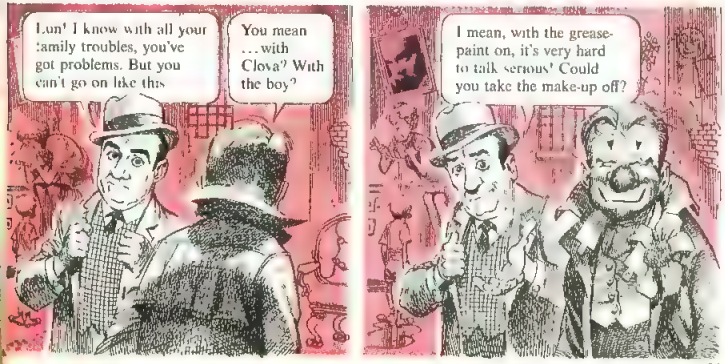


THE MAN OF 1000 FACES

500 BODIES AND 348 VOICES

GROWLS AND SHRIEKS

Here is James Gagney in his latest picture. In a movie about the life of Lun Chanybody. This virtual documentary is the type of stimulating entertainment you will want to take the wife and kids to see every once in a while. to a good HORROR show.

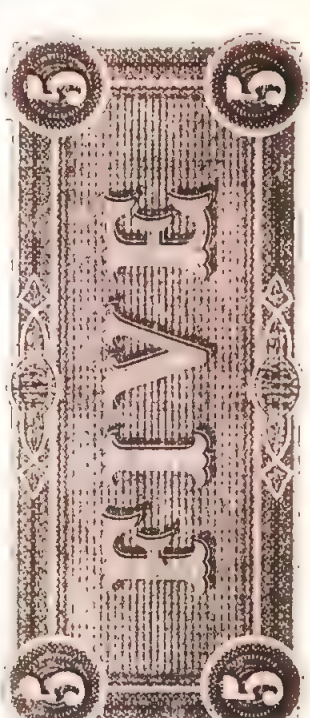

Lun' I know with all your family troubles, you've got problems. But you can't go on like this
You mean ...with Clova? With the boy?
I mean, with the grease-paint on, it's very hard to talk serious' Could you take the make-up off?

Lun! I've been looking all over for you. I've got a new part for you
Did you see the boy? Is everything all-right?
Look me straight in the eye and tell me that everything is all right
Ah er the make-up can you please take it off?
A fine performance, Lun Have you heard from Clova?
I haven't heard . But
the boy has, and Mert has too
Look, Lun... I know it's good box office But please the make-up
Lun the boy is going to the cabin and Mert will meet us there and—and... please... t-t-take off the make up!
S t r a n g e!
The studio crew has always seen Lun Chanybody in his horrible make-up. Why are they all running?
Let's both run!
For you see I have taken off the make up!

Have you saved your

CONFEDERATE MONEY

What with things going the way they are, Confederate money may regain its lost value soon. With the clear insight that typifies this magazine, HUMBUG reproduces authentic reproductions of Rebel money for your use. Stock up by buying additional Humbugs while you can.



...by, United States Code, Section
...ber 30, 1957, I. The names
...s (of owned by a corporation, its name and address
...owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of
...ing Co., Inc., Charlton Bldg., Derby,
...Harry Chester, N. Y.; N. Y. Jack Davis, New
...mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of
...are none, so state.) None. 4. Paragraphs 2 and 3, include, in cases where the stock-
...as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation
...paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and
...do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in
...ity other than that of a bona fi...
...ey Kurtzman (signature of Editor) sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of
...Notary Public (My Commission expires April 1, 1961)

A memorable Christmas fable is O. Henry's "Gift of the Magi," the story of two people who buy each other gifts and how Fate cheats them. Larry Siegel's condensation of the tale again focuses on the author's eternal seasonal message:

It's not the quality of the gift that counts
To those receiving and sending.
The story of Christmas means much more:
It's the spirit, thought . . . and tricky ending.

THE GIFT OF THE MAGIC

BY O. SIEGEL

Seven cents. That was all Dolly had only eleven cents with which to buy her Tim a present. And here it was just one day till Christmas. She kicked off her shabby worn shoes, threw herself on the shabby couch, and cried bitterly.

While the mistress of the house is bewailing her fate, put on some shabby clothes and join us for a tour of the one room flat. In the center of the floor is the dining table fashioned out of an orange crate by Tim. In one corner is a couch, fashioned out of an orange crate by Tim. In the other corner is an orange crate, fashioned out of a chair by Tim.

Dolly finished her cry. Once again she looked at the measly eleven cents—all she could save after months of effort. But after all, how much could you put away from a salary of $4 a week—before taxes. Poor Tim. He worked so hard. He deserved something fine and rare for Christmas.

Suddenly she whirled around and stood before the mirror. Slowly, lovingly, she unpinned her hair. With the pride of a mother for a newborn babe, she caressed the golden strands with her fingers. With a sigh, she let it fall down to its full length—an inch above her ears.

Now there were two possessions of the Timothy Youngs in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Tim's genuine Mickey Mouse watch that had belonged to his young nephew and to his nephew's nephew before that. The other was Dolly's hair.

How Tim loved Dolly's soft, fragrant hair that cascaded like a shimmering golden waterfall to an inch above her ears. How Dolly loved Tim's watch with the little white gloves at the end of the minute hands, the clunking tick, and the flawless Disney movement.

Dolly pinned up her hair nervously and quickly. She put on a shabby jacket and she hurried out into the shabby street. The snow fell in big gray, shabby flakes.

She stopped before a sign that read: "Mme. Dobromie. Hair Goods of all Kinds." She took a deep breath and walked in.

Twenty minutes later she returned to the street, her head many tresses lighter, but her purse three dollars heavier.

For two hours she ransacked the stores looking for Tim's present. And at last she found it. A beautiful transparent plastic watch band with a genuine brass-plate buckle. The perfect thing for Tim. As grand as his Mickey Mouse watch was, he sometimes looked at it on the sly on account of the wrapping twine he used in place of a band.

When Dolly reached home she got out her curling irons and covered her head with close-lying curls. Tim might kill her for what she did, but after all, what can you buy for eleven cents?

At 7 o'clock the coffee was made and the chops were on, when Dolly heard Tim at the door. She nervously fingered the plastic watch band and secretly prayed that he'd still love her, in spite of what she did.

The door opened and Tim walked in. He looked very thin and serious. He wearily put down an orange crate (the one he had promised Dolly that morning he would fashion into a dressing table for her) and he walked over to kiss his wife. He stopped when he saw her and gazed at her with a peculiar expression in his eye.

"Tim, darling," said Dolly, running up to him, "don't look at me like that. I had my hair cut off and sold it because I just couldn't have lived through Christmas without buying you a present. It'll grow out again. You'll see. In four or five years it may even reach my ears. Wish me a Merry Christmas and say you love me. Wait'll you see what a nice gift I have for you."

"You cut off your hair," said Tim unbelievingly.

"Cut it off and sold it," said Dolly. "But I'm still me, in spite of it. Don't you see that, Tim?"

"You say your hair is gone?" said Tim with an air of idiocy.

Dolly wept bitterly as Tim slowly came out of his trance.

"There, there, Dolly," he said, embracing her. "You know that a haircut or a shave or a shampoo couldn't possibly make me love my girl any less, do you?"

He kissed her.

"I'll tell you why you gave me such a start," he said, releasing her from his tender embrace. "Just five minutes ago I gave a dealer a check for this."

He threw a package on the table. She tore it open eagerly. And then a scream of joy was quickly transformed into wails and tears.

For there lay The Comb—the beautiful, black, hard-rubber comb with the fine teeth on one side, the coarse teeth on the other—and the delicately etched word, "ACE," sparkling white in the center. The very comb she had always admired in the Broadway shop window. And now it was hers, but the tresses that were to be caressed by it were gone.

When Dolly was able to speak again, she said, "Tim, with the money I got for selling my hair, I bought you this."

She gave him a package which he opened at once. There was the transparent plastic watch band, with its brass-plate buckle.

"But, Dolly," said Tim, flopping down on the couch and covering his face with his hands, "I got money (which I put in the sugar bowl) to back up the check for your comb, by selling my watch."

"But, Tim," said Dolly, her fingers flying to her face, "I lent the money in the sugar bowl to my mother this morning. She wanted to buy my father a watch for Christmas."

"But, Dolly," gasped Tim, "I just met your father at the jewelry store and he was buying himself a watch."

"But, Tim," said Dolly, "he couldn't buy himself a watch; he doesn't have any money."

"But, Dolly, he told me he pawned your mother's comb to get the money."

"But my mother will need the comb because she just went out to buy herself some hair."

"But MY mother is buying her some hair for Christmas."

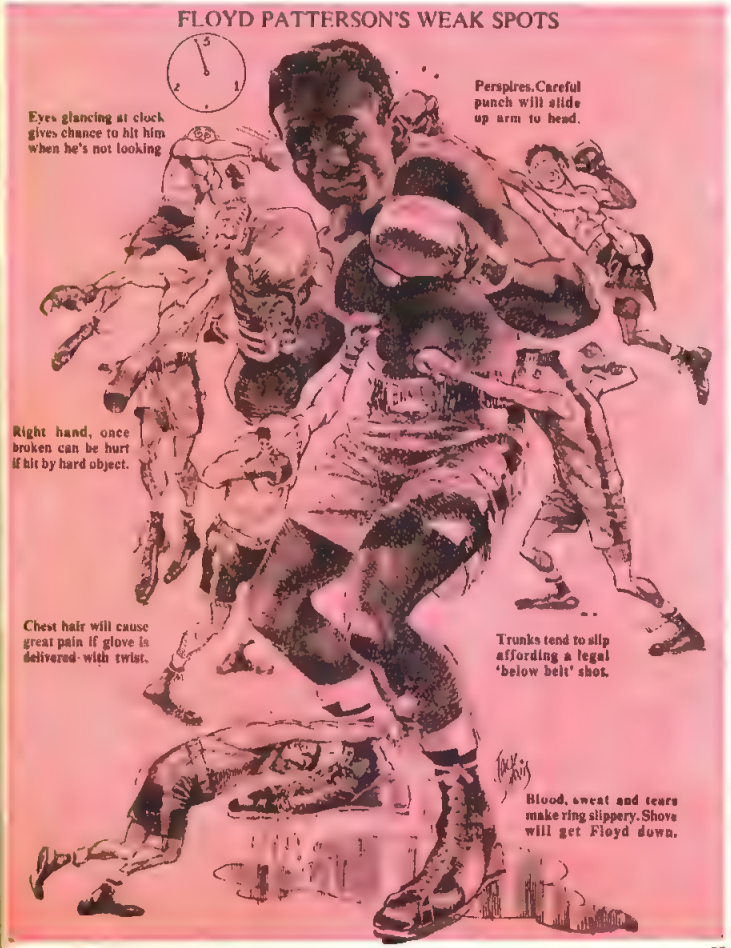
"But YOUR mother has no money, Tim."

"But I'm not Tim," he said, removing a mask from his face. "My boss sent me from Mindy's restaurant to spy on O. Henry. My name is Nathan Detroit."

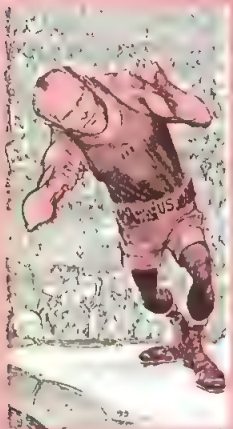
Here I have lamely related the story of two foolish children who sacrificed the greatest treasures of their house. And even though the gifts were not right, the lesson is clear. Always check with your wife, if you are going to buy her a comb, to make sure she hasn't sold her hair. Better still, don't buy gifts if you can't afford them; make them out of orange crates.

NO CHALLENGERS FOR PATTERSON?

Everyone in fistic circles is crying over the shortage of heavyweights to challenge Floyd Patterson's title. They must be blind. Humbug conducted its own investigation and came up with more than enough excellent challengers eager and waiting for the chance to relieve Floyd Patterson of his cherished crown.

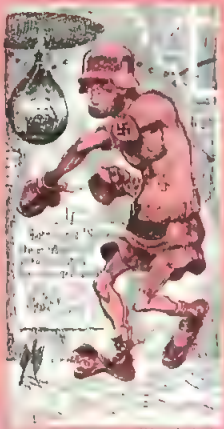

FLOYD PATTERSON'S WEAK SPOTS
Eyes glancing at clock gives chance to hit him when he's not looking
Perspires. Careful punch will slide up arm to head.
Right hand, once broken can be hurt if hit by hard object.
Chest hair will cause great pain if glove is delivered with twist.
Trunks tend to slip affording a legal 'below belt' shot.
Blood, sweat and tears make ring slippery. Shove will get Floyd down.

FISTIANA'S SIX WORTHIEST CHALLENGERS FOR PATTERSON'S HEAVYWEIGHT CROWN



PETE RADEMACHER – is fine rematch possibility and would be worth fight if not for "balance" problem

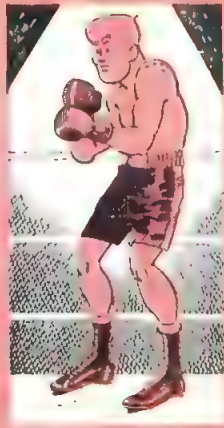
JOE LOUIS – "Can draw big gate" say Bureau of Int. Revenue backers, who hope to collect back taxes



MAX SCHMELING—will be available anytime to prove once again A'ryan supremacy over inferior races

ROCK "Young Punk" SNIVLY – is "best club fighter anywhere" say Egyptian Knight fellow members.

BABBIT T. FREBUS – Believes his clean living can win as it did twenty-four years ago in college



JOSEPH PALOOCKA – Would make fine grudge fight since Joe claims he's only champ of past 29 years.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

BY

AND WITH APOLOGIES TO

CHARLES DICKENS

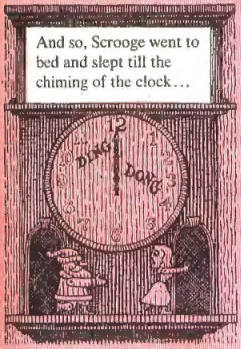
A reinterpretation, by the editors of Humbug, of the great classic as our seasons greeting to you, dear reader All changes and additions have been employed to make these pages easily understood by all those who can't read too good! Resemblances are coincidental to any persons living or ghost.

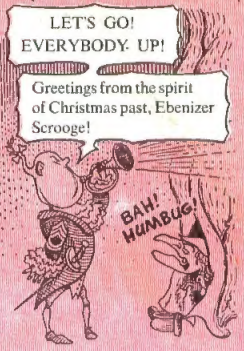
MARLEY WAS DEAD: to begin with. But Scrooge was alive and kicking. Kicking about prices, taxes, and most of all, Christmas. The old penny-pincher was revolted by the spirit of giving and hated poor people. His clerk, more than anyone else, was aware of this—but I am afraid that we are getting ahead of our story ...

CHRISTMAS EVE *London, long, long ago.*

Please, Mr. Scrooge, sir, can't we have more heat?
Bob Cratchit, you miserable rat, how many times have I told you not to use the big candle
FIRE
Use the birthday candle, you scrounge!
The big candle is used only for boiling my water!
Bad night! I'm going home to count my money!
Usual 12 hour day today... punch the clock when you leave!
But sir, it's Xmas eve
MONEY
Ouch!
LATER
Christmas eve - Feh! next thing you know the loafer will want Sundays off and to join a union.
CLUMP CLUMP
Whuzzat?
Whuzzat noise someth.ng comng up the stairs... towards the door...
CLUMP CLUMP CLUMP CLUMP
SLAM
Ouch!
It's Jacob Marley's Ghost—my old partner!
Right! And being a ghost I'm supposed to be able to go right through them doors!
B-but you're dead, man!
I know! But I can't fall down ...these chains weigh me up!
Ebenizer, I've come to tell you that you'll be visited by 3 spirits ...the same routine just like last year. Expect the first when the bell tolls one

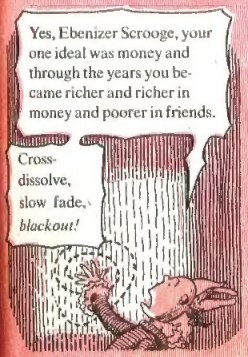
STAVE TWO *The Spirit of Christmas Past*

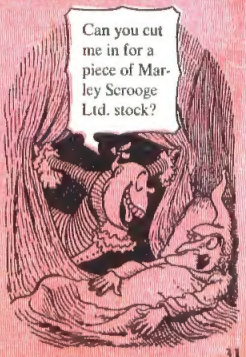




What do you want with me, spirit?
I've come to show you the joys of Christmas Past. Watch this flash-back where I do a cross-dissolve and fadeout...

Look, Ebenizer... do you remember these happy Christmas scenes?
I refuse to answer under the fifth a-mendment.
Merry Christmas adult me!
BAH
YES, VIRGINIA, THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS

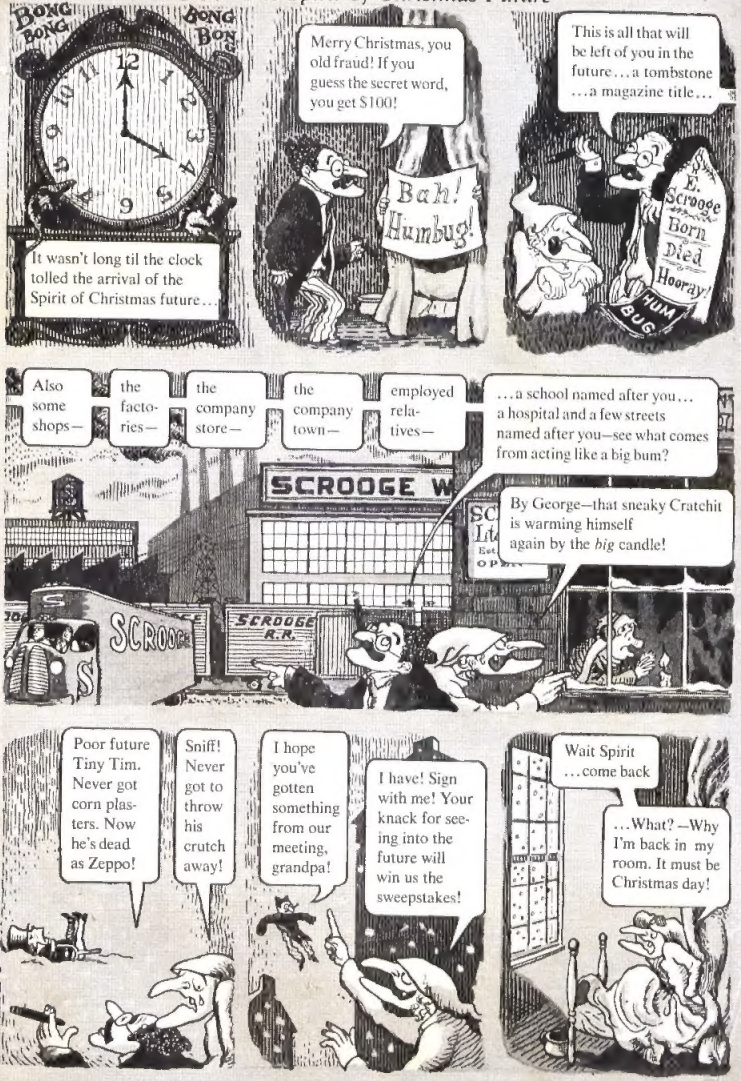

Yes, Ebenizer Scrooge, your one ideal was money and through the years you be-came richer and richer in money and poorer in friends.
Cross-dissolve, slow fade, *blackout!*



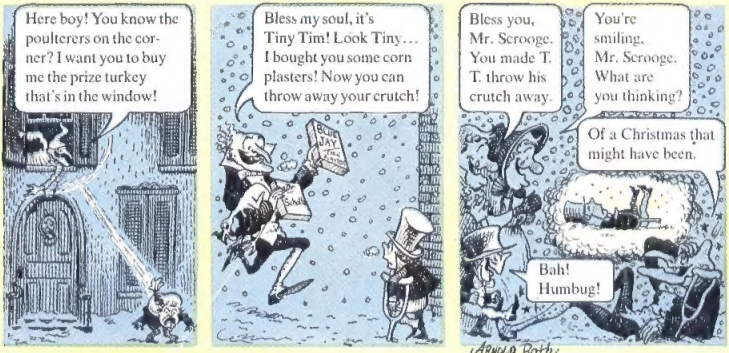
STAVE THREE *The Spirit of Christmas Present*

Scrooge slept heavily again and after a while, in the middle of a fitful snore…
BONG BONG
12
2
Ho ho ho! I am the Spirit of Christmas present
B-b-b-b-bah, Humbug!
Very good. Just like Bing—Take my robe. We must travel.
Where are we, Spirit?
Looking into Bob Cratchit's window. See poor little Tiny Tim—
Oh! If only Mr. Scrooge would give me a raise; I could get a turkey for Christmas and some corn plasters for Tiny Tim—so he could throw his crutch away!
But, dear, it *is* Christmas, and I say Bless us all *and* Mr. Scrooge!
Yes! Yes! Bless Mr. Scrooge!
APPLES
SOAP
Oh, dear! I'm sorry, Spirit! I've changed! How can I ever atone for having been so bad?
Not now! Not yet! You say that line later! Act sorry to the *next* Spirit! To me, you must act like a bum!
Get some sleep now! I've got to look through some more windows. I'm on a retainer by Confidential!

STAVE FOUR *The Spirit of Christmas Future*


BONG BONG
BONG BON
It wasn't long til the clock tolled the arrival of the Spirit of Christmas future...
Merry Christmas, you old fraud! If you guess the secret word, you get $100!
Bah! Humbug!
This is all that will be left of you in the future...a tombstone ...a magazine title...
E. Scrooge
Born
Died
Hooray!
HUM BUG
Also some shops—
the factories—
the company store—
the company town—
employed relatives—
...a school named after you... a hospital and a few streets named after you—see what comes from acting like a big bum?
SCROOGE W
By George—that sneaky Cratchit is warming himself again by the *big* candle!
SCROOGE
SCROOGE R.R.
Poor future Tiny Tim. Never got corn plasters. Now he's dead as Zeppo!
Sniff! Never got to throw his crutch away!
I hope you've gotten something from our meeting, grandpa!
I have! Sign with me! Your knack for seeing into the future will win us the sweepstakes!
Wait Spirit ...come back
...What? —Why I'm back in my room. It must be Christmas day!

CHRISTMAS DAY *(at last)*


Here boy! You know the poulterers on the corner? I want you to buy me the prize turkey that's in the window!
Bless my soul, it's Tiny Tim! Look Tiny... I bought you some corn plasters! Now you can throw away your crutch!
Bless you, Mr. Scrooge. You made T. T. throw his crutch away.
You're smiling, Mr. Scrooge. What are you thinking?
Of a Christmas that might have been.
Bah! Humbug!
ARNOLD ROTH

Oh, well . . . anyway—as Tiny tim observed in the orginal version—"God bless us, every one"—and may we all have a

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR